

CHRIST BRINGS JOY.

Dr. Talmage Corrects Some False Notions About Religion.

Sermon Drawn from the Story of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—Religious Ways Are Ways of Pleasantness.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Aug. 4.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage corrects some of the false notions about religion and represents it as being joy inspiring instead of dolorous; text, 2 Chronicles, 9:9: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

What is that building out yonder glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico and a great tower, adorned with 1,000 shields of gold hung on the outside of the tower—500 of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, 500 were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between 12 lions in statuary and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the huge beast turned toward the people. The family and the attendants of the king are so many that the ceterers of the palace have to provide every day 100 sheep and 13 oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of 4,000 fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak, and when, in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem, I suppose it was something worth getting up at five o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendors of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked the parks, and there were aquariums with foreign fish and aviaries with foreign birds, and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

More than this. He had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonic navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about the wealth of their king and about the riddles and enigmas that he made and solved, and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve and a few puzzles that she would like to have him find out. She sent, among other things, to King Solomon a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to thread that diamond, and Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond. The queen also sent a goblet to Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not pour from the sky and that did not run out from the earth, and immediately Solomon put a slave on the back of a swift horse and galloped him around and around the park until the horse was high exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent to King Solomon 500 boys in girls' dress and 500 girls in boys' dress, wondering if he would be acute enough to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew from the way they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon that she said: "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs and blazing shields and flying ensigns and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon and saffron and calamus and frankincense and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate the armed guard inhales the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text announces: "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ and in making the queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker, and I will take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the queen of Sheba

brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nighshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often and insane and intolerable. Here are men who have been battering, climbing, pounding, hammering, for 20 years, 40 years, 50 years. One great, long drudgery has their life been, their faces anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life and to sweeten that acid disposition and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed the gleam of an eternal gain, if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ, if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office and store and shop, everyday life instead of being a stupid monotone would be a glorious inspiration, pendulum between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals and stitching garments that will soon be rent again and deploring breakages and supervising tardy subordinates and driving off dust that soon again will settle and doing the same thing day in and day out and year in and year out until the hair silvers and the back stoops and the spectacles crawl to the eyes and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing-room and comes to the kitchen and comes to the nursery and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties! She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth. Hannah because she can make a coat for young Samuel. Miriam because she can watch her infant brother. Rachel because she can help her father water the stock, the widow of Sarepta because the cruse of oil is being replenished. O woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key and cultivating melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than raptures. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no! But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin and death and hell and on their way to a magnificent Heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the windpipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration. All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs."

Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

I have to say also that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching, whether it be in the prayer-meeting or in the Sunday school or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations and fewer susquehannan words, and when we talk about shadows we do not want to say adumbration, and when we mean queerness we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies, or if a stitch in the back we do not want to talk about lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that Gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations!

More than that, we want more life

and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread and medicines and garments you give them let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah, they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the queen of Sheba, also send in the spices.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs or precentors or organs or bass viols or cornets. I say take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sunday schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, nine-tenths of the people in church do not sing, or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God, but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes a joyful noise unto the Rock of Our Salvation. Sometimes, when the congregation forgets itself and is all absorbed in the goodness of God or the glories of Heaven, I get an intimation of what church music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

Now, I want to impress you with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume and spikenard and saffron and cinnamon and cassia and frankincense and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance. It had for me a repulsion. I held my breath as though it were a malodor. I have been appalled at its advance. I have said 'If I have any religion at all I want to have just as little of it as possible to get through with.' Oh, what a mistake you make, my brother! The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned latrine. It is a balm for the aching side and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Lutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter untill, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote 'The Saint's Everlasting Rest,' and it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city.

Have you read of the Taj Mahal, in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were 20 years in building it. It cost about \$10,000,000. The walls are of marble inlaid with carnelian from Bagdad and turquoise from Tibet and jasper from the Punjab and amethyst from Persia and all manner of precious stones. A traveler said that it seemed to him like the shining of the enchanted castle of burnished silver. The walls are 245 feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome 30 more feet high, that dome containing the most wonderful echo the world has ever known, so that ever and anon travelers standing below with flutes and drums and harps are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up, and then come down, as it were, the voices of angels all around about the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind and banyan and palm and all the floral glories of the ransacked earth. But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeur which God has builded for your living and immortal spirit.

Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Capstones of praise! And a dome in which there are echoing and re-echoing the halleluiahs of the ages! And around about that mansion is a garden, the garden of God, and all the springing fountains are the bottled tears of the church in the wilderness and all the crimson of the flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard and the frankincense and the world-renowned spices which Queen Balkis of Abyssinia flung at the feet of King Solomon.

When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
And peerly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Through obduracy on our part and through the rejection of that Christ who makes Heaven possible I wonder if any of us will miss that spectacle? The queen of the south will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here!

May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness and that all her paths are paths of peace—that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was an abundance of spice; "neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS

Will White has gone to Lawton to write up the new country and the town lot sale for the Saturday Evening Post.

The man who can afford to wear hayseed in his hair is a full fledged plutocrat these days, remarks an exchange.

Turnip seed has jumped from \$200 to \$400 a ton. Now is the time for the man with a sack of mustard seed to get in his work.

Cherryvale men talk of a new railroad from that place to Oklahoma City via Barlesville to connect with the Choctaw line.

Ed Little is said to have bought a Kansas City residence with the money he got on his pension and contemplates moving there.

"This is the time it pays to leave your name in the paper," remarked the Emporia Gazette in the days of the Kiowa drawing.

A woman's faith in her husband, says the Atchison Globe, has to be patched as often as the seat of an active's boys trousers.

Some man is stealing boats on the river near Emporia. He is doubtless collecting souvenirs of the days when water ran in the channel.

The Ottawa Herald was dumb during the drought but now it is over, shakes itself and demands as of yore: "How about that new hotel?"

A Newton boy, an interested spectator while a neighbor milked a cow, finally asked: "Mister how do you know when the cow's empty?"

During the rush into El Reno one Rock Island passenger conductor says he collected 241 fares on the top of his coaches on one train.

State Auditor Cole has a scheme to encourage new factories in Kansas. He plans to exempt from taxation for five years every new industry.

A Chanute cigar manufacturer advertises that if you smoke his brand you will soon get over the tobacco habit. This is true benevolence.

A Lindsborg man is reported by the Record as asking to have his letters "postponed" to Inman and afterwards waited till the mail was "disturbed."

An Independence man nearly won a Kiowa home. He has the same name as the winner even to the initials, but was compelled to give his full first name.

One woman suicided and another attempted it in Leavenworth Sunday. Cause, that any town on earth permitted women to live the lives they lived there.

The Wichita Eagle predicts a strong advance in Kansas and Oklahoma land values in the next few years. The agricultural ability of this section will appeal to investors.

Shaffer, the billiard expert, has announced his intention of revisiting his old home, Leavenworth. The local sports are planning to celebrate the event with a game of high balls.

Ringling's circus is billed for Topeka and when word came that the show was threatened by the Exposition building fire in Kansas City there was almost a riot in the capital city.

The Lindsborg Record has its ear to the ground trying to hear some of the Pops near Junction City where the government is going to spend a million in improving Ft. Riley complaining about encroaching militarism.

A Kansas City merchant gives away a case of beer with every suit he sells, and the Hutchinson News says in that town the reverse is true a man getting a suit every time he sells a case of beer.

The Daltons don't seem to be popular in southern Kansas. Coffeyville at the time the boys made their raid killed several and now Independence has locked Alice Dalton in jail for "enjoyin'" herself.

A party of Emporia men in Colorado, men who went out for a high old time when away from home, has just been joined by an Emporia preacher and the wise ones at home are chuckling for some reason.

Will Shotwell of Ottawa got himself a Kiowa farm and drew one for the man whose soldier papers he carried. William is one of those fellows who would have had his land all in wheat had he been a farmer this year.

A Parsons couple quarreled and a second girl came forward to patch up the engagement. She hung about the man and sang praises of his former sweetheart until he proposed and was accepted by this go-between. Now there is a row.

A page ad. one day in the Kansas City Star costs \$300, in the Youth's Companion \$5,000, in the Ladies Home Journal \$8,000, in the Greeley County Republican \$20. You pay your money and take your choice, says the last named paper.

The Sedgewick Pantagraph says if the calf chews your shirt tail off and you throw away your suspenders and use safety pins to hold up your pants you are lionized by society. If you wear a full grown shirt with suspenders you must flock by yourself.

Recently while the sheriff of Harvey county was seeking a prisoner in Kansas City he went out with a policeman who drank beer at every saloon. The sheriff was a teetotaler and started to drink pop every time the officer drank beer. The sheriff cried enough.

A Chetopa merchant now touring Europe, has written his friends of his intended departure for the Tyrol "where the good looking girls are." And several good hard dollars from the Chetopa payroll will doubtless hereafter circulate about the Tyrol.

Two Hutchinson boys arrayed in shirt waists went swimming. They hung the waists on a tree and plied the rest of their clothes on the ground. A passing prairie fire consumed all the clothes but those in the tree and when the boys got out, donned the shirt waists and started home with a small piece of carpet from the bottom of their buggy covering below the shirt waists, they longed for the old fashioned style.

Missouri papers have rejoiced over Miss Beaulieu who won the Kiowa farm because she was born there, but the Hutchinson News thinks she moved to Kansas as soon as big enough to realize her parents' mistake, has refused a Kansas City hotel porter and repudiated the state generally.

"Eastern papers," remarks the editor of the Greeley Graphic, "are praising a New York girl for bouncing her beau for whipping his horse to death. We knew a Lin county girl who everlastingly fired her steady for spanking a jackass with a spade, and not a paper had a line about it."

The best paragraph on Miss Beaulieu is the one from the Boston Herald: "Miss Mattie Beaulieu of Wichita, Kan., who drew claim No. 2 in Uncle Sam's Oklahoma land lottery, considers her prize worth \$40,000. She has already received a dozen proposals of marriage. For the land's sake!"

Lindsborg Record: Uncle Dick Jukes took pity on the cadaverous appearance of the Record man this week and brought him a big mess of roasting ears. If Dick could have seen the look of bliss on our face as we played "Sweet Marie" up and down those juicy cobs, while the tears of thankfulness ran down into the butter on our chin, we know he would have felt well repaid for his kindness.

TAMING A LION.

A Task That Calls for Something More Than Courage—The Trainer Uses a Chair, But Not to Sit On.

The wild-beast tamer as generally pictured is a mysterious person who stalks about sternly in high boots and possesses a remarkable power of the eye that makes lions and tigers quail at his look and shrink away. He rules by fear, and the crack of his whip is supposed to bring memories of torturing points and red-hot irons, says Cleveland Moffitt, in St. Nicholas.

Such is the story-book lion-tamer, and I may as well say at once that outside of story-books he has small existence. There is scarcely any truth in this theory of hate for hate and conquest by fear. It is no more fear that makes a lion walk on a ball than it is fear that makes a horse pull a wagon. It is habit. The lion is perfectly willing to walk on the ball, and he has reached that mild, not by cruel treatment, but by force of his trainer's patience and kindness and superior intelligence.

Of course, a wild-beast tamer should have a quick eye and delicate sense of hearing, so that he may be warned of a sudden spring at him or a rush from behind; and it is important that he be a sober man, for alcohol breaks the nerve or gives a false courage worse than folly; but the quality on which he must chiefly rely and which alone can make him a great tamer—not a second-rate bungler—is a genuine fondness for his animals. This does not mean that the animals will necessarily be fond of the tamer; some will be fond of him, some will be indifferent to him, some will fear and hate him. Nor will the trainer's fondness protect him from fang and claw. We shall see that there is danger always, accident often, but without the fondness there would be greater danger and more frequent accident.

A fondness for lions and tigers gives sympathy for them, sympathy gives understanding of them, and understanding gives mastery of them, or as much mastery as is possible. What but this fondness would keep a tamer constantly with his animals, not only in the public show (the easiest part), but in the dens, in the treacherous runway, in the strange night hours, in the early morning romp, when no one is looking, when there is no reason for being with them except the tamer's own joy in it?

I do not purpose now to present in detail the methods of taming wild beasts, rather what happens after they are tamed; but I may say that a lion-tamer always begins by spending weeks or months in gaining a new animal's confidence.

Day after day he will stand for a long time outside the cage, merely looking at the lion, talking to him, impressing upon the beast a general familiarity with his voice and person. And each time, as he goes away, he is careful to toss a piece of meat as a pleasant memento of his visit.

Later he ventures inside the bars, carrying some simple weapon—a whip, a rod, perhaps a broom, which is more formidable than might be supposed, through the jab of its sharp bristles. One tamer used a common chair with much success against unbroken lions. If the creature came at him, there were the four legs in his face; and soon the chair came to represent boundless power to that ignorant lion. He feared it and hated it, as was seen on one occasion when the tamer left it in the cage and the lion promptly tore it into splinters.

Days may pass before the lion will let his tamer do more than merely stay inside the cage at a distance. Very well; the tamer stays there. He waits hour after hour, week after week, until a time comes when the lion will let him move nearer, will permit the touch of his hand, will come forward for a piece of meat, and at last treat him like a friend, so that finally he may sit there quite at ease, and even read his newspaper, as one man did.

Lastly begins the practice of tricks; the lion must spring to a pedestal and be fed; he must jump from one pedestal to another and be fed, must keep a certain pose and be fed. A bit of meat is always the final argument, and the tamer wins (if he wins at all, for sometimes he fails) by patience and kindness.

"There is no use getting angry with a lion," said a well-known tamer to me, "and there is no use in carrying a revolver. If you shoot a lion or injure him with any weapon, it is your loss, for you must have another lion, and the chances are that he will kill you anyway, if he starts to do it. The thing is to keep him from starting."

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(First published August 7, 1901.)

Ordinance No. 450.

An ordinance prescribing limits within which no building shall be constructed or placed except of brick, stone or other incombustible material, with fire proof roof and imposing a penalty for the violation of its provisions.

Be it ordained by the Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Iola, Allen county, Kansas, Section 1. That the fire limits of the city of Iola, Kansas, are hereby established to be the intersection of the east line of Walnut street and the west line of Syracuse street, with the lines passing east and west through the center of blocks 83, 84, 85, 86 and 87, 44, 45, 46, in said city. And that no building shall be constructed or placed within said limits, except of brick, stone or other incombustible material, with fire proof roof. And that any building commenced, put up or removed into said fire limits in violation of the provisions of this ordinance shall be and constitute a nuisance, and the council shall order all such buildings to be removed and abated. Any person or corporation erecting or placing such a building or any part thereof within said limits, shall upon conviction be fined in any sum not more than \$25.00 for each offense. Each twenty-four hours such building or part thereof shall be allowed to remain within said limits shall constitute a separate offense. Provided that this ordinance shall not apply to temporary street stands which the council may permit to be temporarily erected within said limits.

Section 2. That this Ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication once in the Iola Daily Register, the official paper of said city.

(SEAL) Adopted August 6, 1901.

Approved August 6, 1901.

(ATTEST)

W. M. KNAPP, A. H. CAMPBELL,

City Clerk, Mayor.

E. O. GANTZ, M. D.,

Room 1, Northrup Building.

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